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VOLUME VI

PITTSBURGH, PA., MAY 1932

NUMBER 2



MOTHER NATURE'S HELPERS

A TINTED DRAWING BY A. AVINOFF

(See Page 35)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME VI NUMBER 2
MAY 1932

The glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold.
—KING JOHN

—3D—

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—3D—

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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, MR. ADAMS!

Our salutation goes this month to James Truslow Adams, whom we believe to be the first among living American historians and essayists. His latest book, "The American Epic," confirms in our mind this estimate of his merit, which came to us several years ago in reading his "The Founding of New England," winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1921. That book, written after an exhaustive search through the whole mass of existent sources, tore off the mask of freedom which had been worn for three hundred years by the Puritans as the pioneers of religious and political liberty in the New World, and exposed them by their own letters and ordinances as bigots who, while fleeing from persecution in Europe, had established an equal degree of tyranny here—a tyranny which we have not yet entirely shaken off. His list of works is a long one; they are all worth while, especially his monographs on Hamilton and Jefferson, and this most recent one, "The Epic," which nearly everyone is reading. His preparation for historical writing was profound and extensive, yet after his years at Yale and Columbia he found time to go into business and then to serve through the World War. In style, taste, thoroughness, and force he restores the tradition of great authorship as we find it in American and English letters at their best.

A VOICE FROM BULGARIA

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES
SOFIA, BULGARIA

I am very grateful for the privilege of receiving the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. Each issue seems to surpass its predecessor in reader interest and artistic elegance.

I enjoy your "Bon Jour" paragraphs; the one on Mr. Mellon's appointment to London I liked the best, and in its magnificence was a tribute which that great man richly deserved.

—HENRY W. SHOEMAKER,
American Minister

PRAISE FROM SOUTH DAKOTA

MADISON, S. D.

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I have read with such interest your description of the Byers Collection. I think the Carnegie Institute and Library one of Pittsburgh's strongest claims to fame. The time I spent there—at least one or two trips each week—gave me some of my happiest moments in Pittsburgh.

—WILMA D. GARNETT

THE VALUE OF HISTORICAL KNOWLEDGE

To be ignorant of what happened before you were born is to be ever a child. For what is a man's lifetime unless the memory of past events is woven with those of earlier times?

—CICERO

"MOTHER NATURE'S HELPERS"

By JANE AVA WHITE

Assistant Curator in the Section of Education of the Carnegie Museum



NATURE took on a kindled interest and new beauty to Pittsburgh children when the winged world came into its own at Carnegie Institute Lecture Hall on April 16. The occasion was the annual production of the Junior Naturalists Clubs,

whose activities are fostered by the Section of Education of the Carnegie Museum. One of the club members reported seeing a robin in Pittsburgh this year on January 12. This event and a coincident discussion on birds, which was motivated by means of lantern slides and motion pictures, stirred up among the children such an intense interest in ornithology that they decided to create and produce a play or pageant which would vividly portray the feathered kingdom and, at the same time, express the delight experienced by the trained bird lover and student. With children, once the magic words "Let's do it" have been sealed by flash of gleaming eye and mutual bated breath of inner resolve, ideas begin to tumble over each other clamoring for recognition and realization. Thus came the title of the play, "Mother Nature's Helpers." The general object, of course, was for the children to tell just as many interesting and pertinent things about bird life as possible. Feverishly they studied the various mounted specimens in the Bird Hall of the Carnegie Museum, in which rare and beautiful birds, collected by scientists from all parts of the world, and a complete collection of Pennsylvania birds are preserved for

future generations. This hall, providing as it does one of the best examples of visual education, is a stepping stone to more serious scientific work. Scores of heads were bent over books containing authentic data and in six of the public schools—guided and stimulated by the music teachers—the children composed original songs about birds which were the direct result of the knowledge and inspiration gained through this study. Eventually, twenty-eight boys and girls, representing the Junior Naturalists Clubs, constituted a cast of pageant players.

From the first word to the final curtain call the young players enthusiastically lived their rôles as representatives of the bird kingdom. They blended play artistry with reality, for although their colorful costumes and their clever mimicry carried out the idea of the bird world, they did not slight scientific facts. Even in the prologue, vital scientific principles were suggested when Prudence Goodale pointed out the way in which bird feet are adapted to their environments, and bird bills suggest the particular types of food which they subsist upon:

Behind this curtain there's a flock of birds
And they have their yarns to spin.
They've preened their feathers and caught
their worms,
They've eaten their beetles regardless of germs
And now they want to begin.

The prologue was concluded with a continuation of the introductory poem:

Now each little bird is a girl or a boy
They were magic'd by the elves.
They're Junior Naturalists, a science group,
A jolly, gay, and earnest troop.
They wrote this play themselves.

With the final words, the curtain lifted on the stage where Eugenie Miller represented Mother Nature. This part



THE SEASONS PARTAKING OF MOTHER NATURE'S BOUNTY

was evolved by the children because they interpreted Mother Nature as producing food for birds. "Spring is here and Mother Nature is awake again, you say! Ah, but that is where you are wrong! I have been resting in some parts of my great realm, but in others I have been very much alive and awake. The last snow dampens the ground, then old Mr. Sun warms it up—now and then trading places with April showers—so that all the little seedlings may spring up and the grass may become green again, and the little insects



TWO GREAT-HORNED OWLS

which live here come forth. That is the way I prepare for the coming of the birds—by providing food, warmth, and water for them."

Mother Nature was assisted by the

Seasons, portrayed by Betty Shockley. The various outstanding birds were depicted, and Betty revealed many facts about the arrivals and departures of the seasonal feathered friends.

Then, one by one, children in the cast took their parts in the unfolding of the story. Their lines were written and recited with youthful candor. They told of the habits and habitats of birds, revealing their substantial knowledge of ornithology.

Lantern slides, thrown upon the screen, above the stage proper, as interesting facts about each bird or nest were told, gave the audience an even more rounded perspective of bird life.

A chorus made up of one hundred and twenty school chil-



A BLUEBIRD AND A ROBIN

dren, supervised by Mrs. Sara Marie Herbert and directed by Will Earhart, director of music in the Pittsburgh Public Schools, furnished the musical background.

One of the songs, "Arise, O Sun," was considered by Dr. Earhart as a remarkable example of song creation. In the Bennett School, which I visited, I heard eleven songs about the wren. The best one was selected for "Mother Nature's Helpers." Other schools, each choosing the bird whose notes they wished to incorporate into a lyric, submitted songs; and the most outstanding ones were used. Because of the contribution of songs by Pittsburgh school children, the dramatic project took on a city-wide interest—hundreds of pupils feeling that they too had a part in its creation. They realized they could share their own love of nature and bird lore with others, and this sense of sharing spurred them forward in making a finished production.

The stage setting, without which much of the beauty of "Mother Nature's Helpers" would have been lost, was planned by the children and designed by Reinhold Fricke. At each side of the proscenium, a few evergreen trees and a large nest were placed. In the nest on one side two wide-awake owls peered out, and in the nest on the other side a group of children from the J. M. Logan School, dressed as gay, plump birds, looked ready to carol or fly to the center of the stage in their original eurythmic dances, or watch Karl Heinrich's pupils in their Rainbow Dance.

The Park Place and Bennett schools have followed up "Mother Nature's Helpers" by presenting plays in their own school auditoriums which continue the idea of the Carnegie Museum production. Each of these schools composed a number of the original songs and used them as the basis for their presentations. Brushton, Hazelwood, J. M. Logan, and Osceola schools are planning to give their own versions of the pageant before the close of the school term. We intend to carry the

main idea of the play further by broadcasting portions of it from the WCAE Radio Station.

Portraying some of the motives of the entire unit is the design which is shown on the cover page of this number of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. It was expressly designed and drawn for the programs by Andrey Avinoff, director of the Carnegie Museum.

Those who saw the play will realize its interpretation. The children, in organizing and developing their study, divided the birds into groups—water birds, shore birds, perchers, peckers, ground birds, and air birds. Incorporating in his drawing the various ideas of the children, Dr. Avinoff carried out the theme artistically, and the children are grateful to him for his accurate illustration of their play.

In such a project children are quick to recognize and grasp the opportunities both for self-expression and dramatic development. Their enthusiasm for the study of bird lore makes them anxious to convey to others their conceptions of the habits and habitats of their feathered friends. The child portrays his own ideas and is placed in a position of responsibility which develops both mind and character and, most important of all, reveals his individuality and initiative.

COMMENCEMENT AT CARNEGIE TECH

ON Tuesday morning, June 14, the Carnegie Institute of Technology will hold its twenty-fifth commencement in Syria Mosque. The address of the occasion will be given by Thomas Stockham Baker, president of the school.

On the preceding Sunday evening, June 12, the Reverend Robert Elliott Speer, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, will deliver the baccalaureate sermon in Carnegie Music Hall.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY PITTSBURGH ARTISTS

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute

AN art museum, such as the Department of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute, strives to become the alembic in which is placed the developments of the art of yesterday and today for the enjoyment and instruction of the persons in its vicinity. Within such limits for the past thirty-six years the Department of Fine Arts has endeavored to perform two functions in Pittsburgh. It has built up a permanent collection of things artistic, and it has shown during each year temporary exhibitions illustrative of the development of the arts.

These temporary exhibitions may be divided into two categories, the exhibitions which the Department holds under its ownegis, and the exhibitions where it accepts no responsibility but lends its galleries for the use of those local organizations which it considers to have merit. For example, for the past twenty-one years the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh have presented here their own annual exhibition of paintings, concerning the make-up of which the Department has had no say.

The temporary exhibitions which the Department has given on its own responsibility have been in the main those which present the output of artists of other regions. Of late years, however,



INTERIOR

By ROY HILTON

the local aspect of the art of painting has so grown in strength and diversification that now for the first time the Department, on its own responsibility, has arranged an invited Exhibition of Paintings by Pittsburgh Artists.

In recent years no national section in any International Exhibition of Paintings has been presented as containing only the best in that particular nation. Rather, the

Department has desired to combine in each section ranking painters representing the various tendencies in that nation. A similar policy has governed the Department's aims in the case of the eighteen Pittsburgh painters now shown. These artists have been selected not primarily as the eighteen best Pittsburgh painters in the estimation of the Department, but as setting forth the various aspects of Pittsburgh art. If the exhibition proves successful, other Pittsburgh painters of equal quality, again representing various groups, may be shown in other years.

In the present exhibition, then, as in the case of the International, the Department has sought to avoid any special pleading. The officials of the Department are simply neutral impresarios. They have attempted only, as far as possible, to represent each



PORTRAIT OF T. CARL WHITMER
 BY LOUISE PERSHING



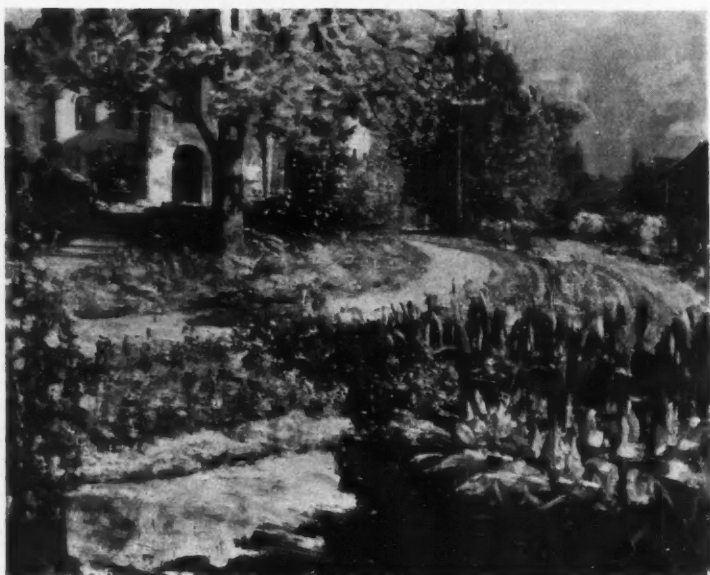
MIDI
 BY MARCELLA COMES



THE LOG SPLITTER
 BY MALCOLM PARCELL



SPRING
By CHRISTIAN WALTER



SEPTEMBER
By JOHANNA K. W. HAILMAN

artist with three paintings apiece in order that the visitor may obtain a fair idea of the scope of each artist's work. It is for the painters to paint, and the public to judge.

One of the most encouraging signs of these bewildering times is that as a nation we are not of yesterday, nor yet of today, but looking forward to tomorrow. We are passing through a mist. In the process we may be wrecked in catastrophe, or elevated to social heights as yet unknown. But we will not rust in any damp fog of inertia.

Pittsburgh is America. It has developed one of America's greatest industries, steel, and this development has been born of virtues, faults, excesses, and forward-looking desires of the land in which we live. Let us not forget this when we judge Pittsburgh art.

However much we pretend that we like to ruminate on boyhood's happy days in the restfulness of a twilight hour, we really spend but a moment of our lives in such a Pollyannic occupation. In these days even our grandmothers have exchanged caps for cosmetics. Lip sticks in hand, they are not going to take any female delight in the thought of the crossing of the Delaware with Washington, as Emanuel Leutze painted it. They are not going to weep in sentimental satisfaction over the breaking of home ties down on the farm, as Thomas Hovenden painted the breaking. On the contrary, they and all their descendants are interested often resentfully but always visually and mentally in the bizarre black and white patterns, in the

shadows and angles that fall across our paths as we journey forward through our age of mechanics and steel.

Consequently, let us in Pittsburgh regard with pride the fact that Pittsburgh artists, like Pittsburgh business men and Pittsburgh manufacturers, rightly or wrongly, each morning quite done with the past, wholly discontented with the present, set forth from their doorsteps to struggle with the future.

This state of mind offers little contentment either in society or in art, but it makes for the thrill of adventure over rough, unknown roads which lead sometimes to oblivion but on other occasions to a keener zest than that obtainable in sitting before a synthetic electric fireplace.

Such is the American idea and, let us be glad to recognize it, the idea of the Pittsburgh painter.

It should not be thought, however, that we sponsor wanderings wild or

uncontrolled. Impatient as we may be with the ground under our feet, we of this land and city realize that we must have something firm beneath one foot before we can step forward with the other.

So in reviewing this exhibition of eighteen Pittsburgh artists representing a cross section of the American art of painting, which again is a cross section of American life, let us be proud that we can see in the galleries both the painters who cling to standards of the past and those who believe that more can be wrought out of things to come than out of things that have been.

The traditional men, such as Malcolm Parcell, are not traditionalists in the



PORTRAIT

BY SAMUEL ROSENBERG

sense that they are ever turning but one crank in an artistic mill. They are traditionalists because they move slowly from one known condition to the next.

The advanced men, like Raymond Baxter Dowden, are not raucous or uncorrelated. But once having learned what has been, they no longer will have any of it. Their one aim is to speak with the insistence of modern music or modern literature or the modern theater, and in no uncertain tones of the terrific growing pains of our social order.

We in the Department as showmen give thanks that the exhibition is of this nature. For to our vast pleasure we long ago found that every controversial exhibition that we have given has created an attendance often as much as seven times as great as that of exhibitions of commonly accepted standards.

We Americans in order to be satisfied insist upon having something to dispute. Whether we know it or not, therefore, the really popular art these days is that which causes us not only to growl but often to shriek. It is a fortunate shriek. It will not keep us awake nights. It has nothing to do with our bread and butter. It is a shriek that for the time being takes our minds away from the depressing facts of tomorrow's income. It may really be interpreted as a pean of thanks.

Consequently, for those who enjoy the repetition of the actions of other days we suggest that they pass rapidly by the charming, gentle reminiscences of such a man as Christian Walter and study rather such a stimulating painter as Esther Phillips. By the same token we counsel those who wish to plunge at artistic hurdles that they ignore the strange angles of daily life presented by Samuel Rosenberg and turn to the pastel-like qualities of William Shulgold. Thus nobody will be satisfied and everybody will be happy.

Unfortunately, only a discerning few of the public will take this advice. So for the many who do not we sug-

gest that if it is design that is intriguing they study Roy Hilton or Everett Warner or Elizabeth Robb. If it is contrast in color let them look to Marcella Comes. If it is the beauty of nature that delights their eyes, let them admire the paintings of Johanna K.W. Hailman. Should the visitor be interested in the extraordinary picturesqueness of this community, let him look to Samuel Filner or John Kane or Raymond Simboli or Edmund M. Ashe. If the exotic or remote scenes are what are sought, Esther Topp Edmonds or Milan Petrovits will provide the answer. If the painting to be of interest is one which presents not so much the actual physical aspect of the sitter as that aspect rearranged and emphasized by the sitter's personality, Louise Pershing supplies the need.

Before all, however much we may carp or praise, however much we may discuss our own feelings rather than the artist's ability, let us, whether we be academic or advanced, take real satisfaction in the fact that Pittsburgh art of today is eclectic, that it has chosen many subjects which it shows in many ways, that it is active and that it struggles.

There is an old story of a Chicago frog and a Boston frog who both fell in a pail of cream. The Boston frog threw up its arms and said, "Help, or I perish!" The Chicago frog went right on kicking, kicking, kicking, until the next morning he was found floating on a pat of butter.

Both financially and artistically we Americans are surrounded with cream these days, but the trouble is that, whether business man or artist, we will drown in that cream unless we keep on kicking.

The exhibition opened on May 18 and will remain on view until June 19.

HEALTHFUL DISCONTENT

It is the stagnant pool of Contentment, not the running streams of Ambition, that breeds disease in the body social and political.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY



WHILE two famous dedications—the Folger Memorial Library at the national capital, and the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-upon-Avon—were taking place on April 23, the three hundred and sixty-eighth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, Pittsburgh was celebrating the classic occasion at the Carnegie Institute.

Founded in 1916 and the oldest club of its kind in the United States, the Shakespeare Birthday Club is an informal organization whose purpose is the annual honoring of the great poet.

This year the president of the Club invited some of the student players from the Drama School at the Carnegie Institute of Technology to mark the

event by presenting two scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" on the stage of Carnegie Music Hall. Following a beautiful interpretation of two key scenes—one by Portia (Elizabeth Drake) and Nerissa (Charlotte Rothrock), and the other by Shylock (Thomas Gorman), Salanio (Emanuel Breakstone), Salarino (Edward Kelly), and an attendant (Regis Joyce)—the audience adjourned to the front of Music Hall for the crowning where, for the seventeenth time in the history of the Club the tradition was perpetuated by placing a floral wreath upon the Massey Rhind statue. Portia concluded the celebration by reciting from the eminence the quality-of-mercy speech.

THE RED-FOOTED BOOBY GROUP

BY RUTH TRIMBLE

Acting Assistant Curator of Ornithology in the Carnegie Museum

[As secretary of the Section of Ornithology since 1927, Miss Trimble has acquitted herself with such merit that she has recently been appointed acting assistant curator in that Section. With the outstanding ornithological achievements of her chief, W. E. Clyde Todd, as inspiration, Miss Trimble now enters a field of scientific research with which only a very few women in the United States have succeeded in associating themselves vocationally in an official capacity.]

SOMETIMES an individual gains distinction, however nefarious, solely by reason of his indubitable stupidity. Not infrequently he is given the same name as that which attaches itself to the bird featured in the habitat group newly installed in the Gallery of Birds—namely, the booby. The species shown is the red-footed booby of the tropics, a member of the very old and highly restricted family Sulidae, consisting of but two genera. The foolish appearance of this bird when on land, its grotesque manner of walking, and its apparent stupidity in refusing to leave its nest and young when disturbed have secured for it the name of "booby."

It is now seventy years since Osbert Salvin, an English ornithologist of note, made an expedition to British Honduras in Central America, and published an interesting account of his travels in the Ibis. He found there on Half Moon Cay a nesting colony of several thousand red-footed boobies, whose habits he describes: "The name booby is most appropriate; I never saw a bird with less idea of getting out of one's way, or caring less for what one did. Walking about under trees was nothing: they hardly condescended to look down; nor when we stirred them up while taking a siesta, or pulled their tails, poked them off their nests, and fought with them for their eggs, and bullied them in every way did we succeed in getting up any sort of excitement in the colony. They took everything with the greatest indifference, with a complacent, grave expression that was laughable to watch."

In 1926, almost sixty-five years later,

through the generosity of Charles D. Armstrong and the late Herbert DuPuy, Ernest G. Holt, then a member of the ornithological staff of the Carnegie Museum, undertook an expedition to this same region to study its bird life and to collect specimens and materials for a habitat group of the red-footed booby. Mr. Holt found the boobies still in possession of the island, although in somewhat reduced numbers, possibly because their unsuspecting nature made them easy prey for the pilots and cocoanut planters who had invaded their stronghold. Commenting upon the reputed stupidity which earns for the bird its name, Mr. Holt says, "I wonder if, instead of being stupid, the bird does not realize its formidable powers of defense, and simply furnishes an example of self-confidence." His observation was the result of a painful laceration of the finger, received when he attempted to disturb a nest while a militant female booby asserted in decisive fashion her right and title to her anticipated progeny. Mr. Holt's complete and interesting observations and his excellent photographic studies in the field have been invaluable in preparing a description of the habits of the bird and in reproducing the lifelike portrayal of the habitat group.

The group shows a small and typical section of the huge nesting colony on the shore line of Half Moon Cay, where the mangroves and cocoanuts give way to the low brush that covers the western end of the island. There the red-footed booby frequently builds its nest in the sparsely-leaved gumbo limbo, and is not averse to sharing one bush with three



or four neighbors. The nesting season begins in November, and each female lays only one egg. Among female boobies, however, the time of assuming domestic responsibility is so variable that at one and the same time, from November until March, nests have been found to contain a fresh egg, another an incubated egg, a third a youngster barely covered with down, and still another one with quills well developed. The nests are carelessly constructed of twigs and are often adorned with a spray of fresh green leaves. There is division of labor in the booby colony, for both sexes incubate the eggs and attend the young, which are fed by regurgitation.

The boobies live on fish, which they are extremely dexterous in capturing by diving from great heights. None of their awkwardness on land is apparent when they are on the wing, for their flight is characterized by tremendous power as well as by grace and beauty.

An interesting adaptation in these birds is the complete closing of the nostrils in the adults, undoubtedly as a protection in the headlong dives which they make in pursuit of fish. Boobies are not provided with capacious throat pouches, as are their near-relatives, the pelicans, but their throats can be dilated to permit the swallowing of fish of immoderate size. Living in seeming harmony with the boobies are considerable numbers of hermit crabs and a small lizard—the spiny-tailed iguana—to which the natives have given the name “wish-willie.”

This strikingly effective habitat group was designed and prepared by Gustave A. Link Jr., assisted by John E. Link, and is indeed a praiseworthy addition to the series of bird groups which they have previously constructed. The scenic background is the work of Ottmar F. von Fuehrer, doing full credit to his artistic abilities.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



JASON, we are entering our sixth year of life in the Garden of Gold," said Penelope one May morning, gathering her arms full of lilacs.

"Yes, and what a fruitful five years it has been," agreed Jason, clipping a lavender one for her.

"It is a very unusual garden, isn't it? A charmed one—so many magic things occur in it. Do you suppose that there are many gardens like it?"

"I am quite sure it is the only one of its kind in all the world. Do you know of any other where coin is planted instead of seed—and at harvest time gives so much yield?"

"That always has puzzled me a little, Jason—how lifeless money can multiply itself so abundantly."

"Well, Penelope, it is happily possible here because of our conditions. First, a very particular soil is chosen—the soil of science, of education, and of culture."

"You mean by that, Jason, that when money is rooted in such nourishing earth, fabulous returns must come."

"Yes. The cultivation is accomplished in a very practical way. If the money is sown in the name of the Carnegie Institute, each coin will some day become two. If it is sown in the name of the Institute of Technology, each coin will some day become three. In each case compound interest will accrue to enhance the original value. These multiplying powers generate from a provision made by the Carnegie Corporation of New York—a philanthropic foundation which holds the Carnegie wealth in trust—contingent upon the raising of a certain sum by the Institute by the year 1936 and the raising of \$4,000,000 by Tech by 1946.

"Nor does the growth end here, Penelope, for the financial gleanings are then replanted in human hearts and minds and a new flowering follows—

this time the yield takes the form of golden intellect, achievement, and beauty of living. It is all a victorious circle, ever expanding as more money is planted in the garden, which none can or would ever break."

"And why are we here? What is our position in this miracle garden that we are permitted to enjoy its bountiful surroundings?"

"Why, we are the keepers, the tillers of the till, Penelope, and it is our great privilege to hail the plantings and to set forth each month the latest sowings."

"Such a task is a trust indeed, Jason!"

GOLDEN FRUITAGE

From Mrs. Henry R. Rea comes an unexpected increment from her subscription to the Patrons Art Fund. Mrs. Rea is one of the twenty-one friends who subscribed \$10,000 each, payable at the rate of \$1,000 a year for ten years for the purchase of paintings and other works of art for the Carnegie Institute. When her subscription was made, Mrs. Rea set aside a capital sum which, under an amortization plan, was calculated to produce the ten installments, using up both the principal and the interest at the end of the ten-year period. But when the last payment was made, it was found that the capital sum had earned an amount of \$1,050.34 in excess of the required final payment, and this excess sum was immediately remitted by Mrs. Rea to the Carnegie Institute, to be used under the purposes of the Patrons Art



MRS. HENRY R. REA

Fund. The Garden of Gold is enriched as much by Mrs. Rea's generous thought as by the money itself.

With the recording of this gift this month, the amount contributed since the inauguration of the Magazine in April, 1927, stands at \$945,439.06.

E. R. A.

THE TWO HUNGERS

FRANK J. LANAHAN, a trustee of the Carnegie Institute, sends the following editorial from the American Magazine of Art to the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. We are reprinting only the words quoted in the article from Mayor Frank Murphy, of Detroit. What Mayor Murphy says of the cultural obligations of his city apply with equal force to Pittsburgh. Even when the hunger of the body must have first consideration, the hunger of the spirit must not be neglected. In this period of unemployment and distress there is something that is comforting and heartening in the large increase of visitors, school children, and students to the museum, art halls, organ recitals, and library of the Carnegie Institute—all "free to the people":

"There is temptation in times like these to eliminate every municipal expenditure for the cultural well-being of the community. Here we might wisely and with profit fix our eyes on the greatness of Athens and invoke the history of even the ancients in our modern judgments.

"Athens with majesty comes down through the ages a symbol of culture. Yet she had her wars, her famines, her perils. Athens never forgot her educational system, her drama, her music, her architecture, her sculpture. With a population of 50,000 freemen in a territory that could be embraced in a Detroit city ward, she is eternal.

"Prudence dictates, when many are so distressed, that sacrifices and economies must be made, but we must not be so unwise as to strip this great city

altogether of its cultural life. We must make ready for the day when the arts and culture will flourish in our midst. Therefore, although they must be managed on the most economic basis, we will keep open our magnificent library and our uncommonly attractive museum, so alluring and pleasant. Let us continue also our public concerts that the classics may come to the relaxation of those who are weary with fatigue and worry."

ORGAN RECITALS

THE series of concerts by guest organists which began on February 6 will close on May 29, and will have comprised seventeen pairs of recitals by some of the foremost organists in America. As soon as the competition is ended, it is intended to make choice of an organist and director of music at the Carnegie Institute in succession to Dr. Charles Heinroth. The complete list of artists who have already been heard in Music Hall follows: Irvin J. Morgan, of Philadelphia; Edwin Arthur Kraft, of Cleveland; Henry F. Seibert, of New York City; Ernest White, of Philadelphia; Caspar Koch, of Pittsburgh; Marshall Bidwell, of Cedar Rapids; Rollo Maitland, of Philadelphia; Walter Wild, of New York City; William E. Zeuch, of Boston; Daniel R. Philippi, of St. Louis; Albin D. McDermott, of Pittsburgh; Gordon Balch Nevin, of Johnstown; Julian R. Williams, of Sewickley; Arthur W. Poister, of Redlands, California; and Frank W. Asper, of Salt Lake City. The remaining two to be heard are:

MAY 21 and 22

Arthur B. Jennings, organist of the Sixth United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh.

MAY 28 and 29

Frederic B. Lotz, organist of the Emory Methodist Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh.

The man who is not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, rich at forty, and wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, and wise.

—MARTIN LUTHER

THE ROMANCE OF FRENCH WEAVING

BY MARIAN COMINGS

Head of the Art Reference Room of the Carnegie Library



THE textile arts attract admirers from many sides. Designers, lace collectors, embroiderers in gross point converge as visitors at one time or another in the Art Division of the Carnegie Library. Perhaps here may even crystallize in time an organic group of all the very different kinds of Pittsburghers who are alike in their devotion to the needle, the bobbin, or the loom. Usually the visitor's interest is individual and practical and may be met by plate publications of the Kunstgewerbemuseum of Berlin, the Kunstindustrimuseum of Christiania, or less magnificent illustrations in color of peasant embroideries. The collection of plates, due to long perseverance in purchasing, is remarkably complete. And now comes a book by Paul Rodier that commends itself not only to this group especially but also to the student of civilization as well.

That the Paul Rodier who designs advanced textiles should also be the antiquary who has written "The Romance of French Weaving," is but a new instance of the resourcefulness of European designers, a fact to account for our buyers scurrying to Paris and our fashion artists taking notes at Long-champs. To all the pious research of a zealot he brings the gayety and point that one looks for in a Frenchman and re-creates not only French weaving but French life caught in its glamorous history.

One wishes that the counterpart of this history of weaving might be

written on the history of textile pattern. The long outdated "Ornament in European Silks" by Alan Cole is still the best reading we have in English on the subject of pattern, unless one prefers the compilation, "Decorative Textiles," by George Leland Hunter. Rodier speaks of pattern incidentally and presents only so much of its ancient Eastern lineage as leads to Gaul and France.

The ancient secret of sericulture escaped, it seems, from China when an empress smuggled the eggs of the silkworm through the Chinese border in the imperial coiffure. The luxury infected the rulers of the Mediterranean basin. When Rome fell, declares Rodier, she "went down in purple silk." The new world rose, a barbarian world wearing coarse wool; but when awakening Europe reached out eastward, it touched again a sleeve of silken luxury. Charlemagne received ambassadors bearing gifts from the caliph of Bagdad. From that contact, incredible as it was, between barbarian power and Oriental perfumed luxury, came a new influence for beauty into Western history. What a miracle that one of those Oriental textiles is still preserved!

All through medieval history luxury appears in silk and velvet. On such an occasion as the home-coming of a princess, Paris was hung with arras tapestries, French serges, silk curtains, and banners. In 1336 Clémence, queen of Louis X, ordered her chamber completely draped in "cendal inde" and wore velvet costumes lined with the same Oriental silk.

Our knowledge of the native woolen industry that clothed crusaders, pilgrims, and monks and even of Renaissance woollens that have long since perished by the moth, is to be gained

from long dry inventories which our zealous author has put under the press—here perhaps we may thank his anonymous collaborator—and given us only the rich and fragrant juice. Boileau's "Book of Trades" gives us detailed information about the drapers, the weavers of the time of Louis IX. The "indoors king," Charles V, wrote an elaborate inventory of the Chateau de Vincennes in 1379. "If only we, too, could be looking into these chests with the king! We can see that the colors are brilliant: crimson and changeable green for some of the camelots, brown and grey for others; there are patterned ones, too. But . . . of the finish, of the weave itself, nothing." And we are permitted to know the materials—the shaggy, tawny "camelin" of Louis IX, the coarse "bure" of Peter the Hermit, and the gay silk "cendal" of Charles V—only by description or their appearance in art.

Another century finds Jacques Coeur, merchant extraordinary, lifting native weaving out of its foreign dependence, pouring one fifth of the whole taxes of the realm into the king's treasury, and being thrown into prison for his pains.

Under Louis XI, the fine weavers of Arras were scattered and Lyons was encouraged in the production of those Italianate damasks with their large pineapple motives and ogive frames that we see so faithfully represented in Gothic tapestries.

It was velvet, claims Rodier, that lured Charles VIII to Italy. Italian tailors and velvet-makers followed his return. Francis I had gained in sophistication. Well named was the Field of

the Cloth of Gold on which France and England "met to impress each other," for the tents of France were lined with Italian and Spanish velvets, and gold brocades whipped the air.

The long, heavy "houppelande," logical ancestor of the bathrobe, which had appeared in costume and had engaged the native weavers for two hundred years, had vanished by the time of Francis I. Silken hose were re-

quired, and ribbons of taffeta peeped through slashes of puffed velvet. Costume for men consisted of imported trimmings

Under Henri III, we read, courtiers wore a different suit every day in the month. Henri IV made every effort to renew activity on native looms. The trades by this time depended on the king's bounty, and two rooms for weavers were set up among other work-

shops in the Louvre itself. And yet when Mazarin had to flee Paris, and Colbert as his secretary listed his personal property, there was virtually no French cloth to list.

The crimson velvets from Venice, the damask from Lucca, the flowered Chinese satins, the white gauze with silver flowers "at whose ends," recorded Colbert, "are seals applied with Spanish wax," none of these would please Colbert, son of a draper that he was. Of the materials of the France of Louis XI, of cendals and "samites," there is no trace.

Colbert, once a minister, acted to renew weaving within France. The mercers had free access to him and he must have spent years settling their disputes. Finally the Flemish Von



TOILE DE JOUY

Design of print showing processes of its manufacture—Clouzet's "La Manufacture de Jouy"

Robais was called to Picardy to establish the Royal Manufacture and the silks of France billowed on the crest of royal favor.

As to linens, we know exactly how Louis XV rented his table linen by the day; fourteen hundred pieces on "ordinary" days when he did not entertain!

Such elaborately hand-printed cottons from India as delight our eyes in Baker's "Calico Painting and Printing" were under ban in France until 1759, when a prohibition tax was laid on it in order to encourage home industry, and in that very year Oberkampf perfected his process for engraving on cotton and made his fortune with his "toiles de Jouy."

Only the invention of a machine

loom by that English divine, Cartwright—who strangely enough had never seen a hand loom in operation—and the development in France of the Jacquard loom, overcoming every difficulty of technique, remained to separate the nineteenth-century world of machinery from the long romantic era of French weaving.

Rodier's history of French civilization as written on the loom brings us down to this day of the machine. His own designs suggest that we lament not yet, for the modern designer has inevitably mastered the machine as his new tool. And yet the luxury of hand-woven damasks, velvets, and brocades has definitely passed.

ENGLISH SPORTING PAINTINGS

The Collection of Mrs. B. F. Jones Jr.

I LOVE my country and I love horses. Stubbs' old mezzotint of 'Eclipse' hangs over my desk, and Herring's portrait of 'Plenipotentiary'—whom I saw run at Epsom—over my fireplace." Which statement Oliver Wendell Holmes was moved to pronounce one morning at his Autocratic Breakfast Table on hearing that the American entries for the Goodwood Cup had lost.

All of which proves that Mrs. B. F. Jones Jr. is one of a distinguished American company in her enthusiasm and fondness for sporting artists. And all who share Mrs. Jones' taste for fine pictures of fine horses—and there are many who do, judging by the attendance at the Exhibition of Sporting Paintings since its opening on March 18—will further delight in the Autocrat's pointed estimate of a good sport and his tidy distinction between racing and trotting. Trotting in his time was a republican—that is, American—institution. "In England, on the other hand, with its aristocratic institutions, racing is a natural growth enough; the passion for it spreads down-

wards through all classes, from the Queen [Victoria] to the costermonger. London is like a shelled corn cob on the Derby Day, and there is not a clerk who could raise the money to hire a saddle with an old hack under it that can sit down on his office stool the next day without wincing."

Seldom has the Carnegie Institute had the privilege of presenting an exhibition of such unusual and specialized appeal. We are informed by Arnold Palmer, representative of the Institute in England, that the thirty paintings in the Jones Collection contain the fifteen big names in the list, selected from two centuries of sporting painters—beginning with John Wootton, who was born in 1678, down to Dean Wolstenholme Jr., who departed this horsey world as recently as 1883.

Mr. Palmer's notes on the individual painters are most illuminating and amusingly told. We quote from his biographical remarks on the two artists whose paintings are illustrated on the opposite page. Of John Ferneley he says: "He was born at Thrussington,



LORD LICHFIELD ON "MIDNIGHT"
WITH THE ATHERSTONE HOUNDS AND HUNTSMAN, ROBERT THURLOW
By JOHN FERNELEY



"BEMBO"
By BEN MARSHALL

in the heart of the famous hunting country of the Quorn, and was the son of a village carpenter. Until the age of twenty-one he was a wheelwright, but he did a little painting by copying pictures and ornamenting the foreboards of wagons. The gentry took him up and sent him to study under Ben Marshall at Marylebone in London; and he made such progress that, two years later, he was already self-supporting and was wandering through Ireland, the home of good horses and good horsemen. Returning to England, he set himself to study the details of hunting. In 1807 he had a stroke of luck. The eye of Assheton-Smith, the best rider in England, fell upon his work and approved it. This introduced him to the rich sporting society of the Midlands, and he set up for good at Melton Mowbray, within a few miles of the village where he was born. . . . No great innovator in the world of art, he was famous as a faithful and accomplished painter, who could be relied upon for sound portraits of both man and beast. In his eightieth year he died, as he had lived, at Melton Mowbray, in an odor of sanctity and—we cannot doubt—straw."

Of Ferneley's master, Ben Marshall,

Mr. Palmer says: "He was a very rapid worker and, it is said that, toward the end of his career, he painted with his thumb as often as with his brush. The objection to this story is that Marshall's work grew more and more anatomical as he grew older.

"Thumb or no thumb, he is a most captivating artist. He exhibited thirteen times at the Royal Academy, but only one of these occasions is later than 1812. It has been suggested that, Stubbs and Gilpin being dead, he thought that he should have been elected. What is more important for us is to observe that he inherited and extended the great tradition. Strongly influenced by Raeburn, he was yet an experimentalist; and it is he, rather than Herring, who is the main link in the chain between Stubbs and Munnings. His life was passed partly in London and partly in Newmarket, but he preferred London and left it only for family reasons and comforted by the reflection that 'many a man will pay me fifty guineas for painting his horse who thinks ten guineas too much for painting his wife.'"

Through the kindness of Mrs. Jones this exhibition can still be seen until May 31.

FIFTY PRINTS OF THE YEAR

Selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts

THERE is something new under the sun, even in art. Some years ago Jay Hambidge brought geometry to the aid of design and now mathematics has been called on to assist in the make-up of a print exhibition.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts devised a method to determine mathematically how many Conservative prints and how many Modern ones should be included in the "Fifty Prints of the Year, 1932-1933." The exhibition is now being shown on the balcony of Sculpture Hall of the Institute.

Invitations to submit prints for this exhibition were sent to all the recognized American print-makers—more than two thousand in number. In response over eleven hundred prints were received. These were divided into two general classifications and a ratio of one group to the other was made to determine the final number of Conservative and Modern prints in the fifty to be chosen. As a result twenty-nine were to be of the former classification and twenty-one of the latter. Numerically it would appear that the Conservative



ROBERT HENRI, PAINTER
By JOHN SLOAN

print-makers are in the saddle. At least that is what this unique straw vote indicated. Another year, no doubt, another proportion will prevail.

With this ratio as a working basis John Taylor Arms was designated to select the Conservative prints, and Max Weber the Modern ones. They made their choice quite independently of one another. These two jurors are ideal representatives of their respective schools, as anyone who has followed their work will readily agree. A study of the examples of the exhibition of each juror, which they were required by the rules of the American Institute to include, will give a very good indication of their training and bias, and give a fair epitome of the whole exhibition.

No separation is made between the two kinds of prints, either in the catalogue or in the hanging. It is not known absolutely which prints were selected by Mr. Arms or which by Mr. Weber. A visitor if he is interested will not have much difficulty, however, in solving the problem. He will know at once where to place prints, for in-



STAIRWAY
By VICTORIA HUTSON

tance, by Frank W. Benson, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Bernard Sanders, Ernest Roth, Adolf Dehn, William Meyerowitz, Charles Woodbury, and "Pop" Hart. In only one or two examples will there be any hesitation as to the classification.

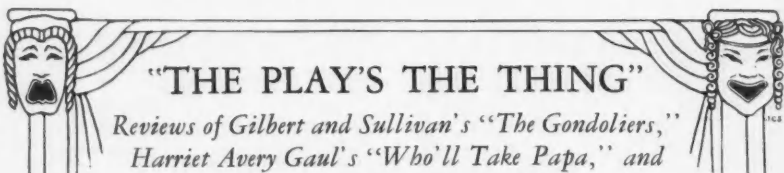
So long as the battle of schools continues, it is safe to say that no really representative cross-section exhibition can be secured without a fair proportion of each group. The combination of these two schools in one showing will furnish the usual ground for pleasant controversy, and controversy and discussion, after all, provide the way for real progress in art.

The exhibition opened on May 7 and will continue through June 7.

HOW WE ABSORB ART

In art appreciation we must provide a wide exposure and opportunity for the expression of personal preference. You cannot tell the other fellow what is beautiful and make him sensitive to it. The best that you can do is to expose him to it. This kind of art exposure has been greater in the older civilization. We must do it consciously and we must develop a technique to improve our work.

—HENRY SUZZALLO



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*Reviews of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers,"
Harriet Avery Gaul's "Who'll Take Papa," and
Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice"*

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art at the Carnegie Institute of Technology



Harriet Avery Gaul, all in the course of three weeks!

Although Mrs. Gaul is known as a novelist, "Who'll Take Papa" is her first venture in the dramatic form. She starts out with an admirable plot. Before the curtain rises, Papa has, we gather, been thoroughly managed by an efficient and energetic wife. He is now a very reconciled widower. His disturbing children, May, August, Jan, March, and June, are out in the world, grown-up and doing—more or less—for themselves. Papa is preparing to enjoy himself in his own way at last. He has a pleasant old New England house, an attractive retired opera singer as neighbor to supply a touch of autumnal romance, and leisure to finish his cherished book, "A History of Utopias." But peace is not yet. One by one the "children" appear with plans for Papa. He must come and live with one of them; one of them must come and live with him. August proposes to park his two high-spirited boys with him for the summer, June borrows money from him to divorce her husband and in-

vites that gentleman's prospective successor to stay, March gets drunk and flirts with the operatic neighbor, Jan arrives from South America with a parrot as the sum total of his worldly goods. In the words of the poet, "Poor Papa, poor Papa, he gets nothing at all." However, after many—rather too many!—incidents, things right themselves. "A History of Utopias" is accepted for publication, Papa marries the ex-prima donna, and the curtain falls on his departure for Europe on his honeymoon, leaving his disagreeable children to have it out among themselves.

The great merit of "Who'll Take Papa" is the excellence of the character-drawing. Mrs. Gaul's people are accurately and amusingly observed; they are real. All clichés and stock types are sedulously avoided. Kindly, bewildered Papa is capably imagined—a sympathetic full-length portrait. Capital also are the bumptious August and June's breezy friend, the "Boy Socialist," and indeed most of the others.

The conduct of the play is not so satisfactory. The first act is genuine comedy of character with a most amusing situation in prospect, but the last two acts, at times, perilously approach farce. Mrs. Gaul's characters are so much more interesting than the things that happen to them. The nearly always mistaken idea that a comedy needs "pepping up" may be responsible for this change in Acts II and III.

Chester Wallace did an excellent piece of work as Mrs. Gaul's director, and at the last moment was obliged to jump



SCENE FROM "WHO'LL TAKE PAPA"—DRAMA STUDENTS

into the rôle of August, thereby greatly strengthening the cast. The other parts were played capably enough, Papa himself much more than that, considering the thirty-five or forty years that separated the age of the performer—as usual—from the age of the character he played. Let the casting directors remember the fate of Salathiel Pavy!*

Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" was the joint production of the departments of Music and Drama, with most of the work and most of the credit going to the first-mentioned department. The success of "The Mikado" last spring and the much better performance of "The Gondoliers" this year seem likely to make the production of some light opera an annual event.

"The Gondoliers," the last of the long line of successful comic operas in which Gilbert and Sullivan collaborated, is not so well known in this country as it deserves to be. Sullivan

never wrote any prettier music, and if the libretto creaks at times and is, in places, a little outmoded, it is still full enough of the Gilbertian humor to be funnier than anything else of the same kind not by Gilbert.

The present performance was excellently sung. The voices were fresh, young, unforced, and carefully trained; they were free from that tinny quality so frequently heard in comic opera. The diction left something to be desired; not all of Gilbert's tripping verse crossed the footlights; but at least it was sung and not chattered or croaked, as it so often is. The acting was rather wooden, but showed a great improvement over the performance of "The Mikado" last year. The chief honors of the evening went, without any question, to the Chorus which sang with great spirit and fine tone and seemed to be enjoying itself as much as the audience enjoyed it. A repetition of the delightfully British-Spanish "Dance the Cachucha" was vociferously demanded at both performances. The chief Gondoliers acted, sang, and danced with much gusto, and Casilda and the Duke of Plaza-Toro, among others, gave an excellent account of themselves. J. Vick O'Brien led his orchestra with

*Ben Jonson's "An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy"

Years he numbered scarce thirteen

When fates turned cruel,

Yet three filled zodiacs had he been

The stages jewel;

And did act, what now we moan,

Old men so duly

As sooth the Parcae thought him one,

He played so truly.



SCENE FROM "THE GONDOLIERS"—MUSIC AND DRAMA STUDENTS

spirit and also with discretion. A jolly performance all round. The Music Department is to be congratulated.

To round out a well-filled month, we had B. Iden Payne's production of "The Merchant of Venice."

"The Merchant" is perhaps, after "Hamlet," the most popular of Shakespeare's plays. The reason for this popularity is difficult to understand. Of course the court scene is one of the most dramatically effective scenes in literature, and the fifth act contains some of Shakespeare's loveliest verse. Shylock and Portia are magnificent acting parts. But the play on the whole is not entirely satisfactory. There are some rather dreary stretches between the good scenes. It is hard to feel any great interest in Antonio, the Merchant, although he ought to be the pivot of the play. There are many gaps and inconsistencies which make it difficult to connect one scene with the scene that follows. If the Lancelot scenes were ever funny, their humor has long since evaporated. In spite of "Dido with a willow in her hand" and "Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins"; despite

Madam, you have bereft me of all words;

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins—
there are fewer magical lines in "The

Merchant" than in most of the plays.

Mr. Payne in his production makes the sequence as logical as is possible. The scenes are played in their proper order and in the Elizabethan manner with inner, outer, and upper stages. The Venice scenes alternate with the scenes at Belmont, and we are not treated to the usual spectacle of Portia's busy day when she has to receive three suitors in turn and dispose of two. Shylock and Portia are properly spaced, and the play gains greatly in dramatic unity. Not a single line is omitted from the original text. The audience gasped a little once or twice at the full flavor of some of the jokes of that spacious age. As usual in Mr. Payne's productions, there are unfamiliar and convincing readings of familiar lines. The quality-of-mercy speech gained enormously by not being spouted but spoken quietly by Portia from her seat, and the comments of the two mock lawyers on their husbands' willingness to sacrifice them, spoken in a casual and detached tone, made more effective comedy than the customary display of cuteness. With Mr. Payne directing, the lesser characters always are characters and not just glorified supers. Gratiano—the part was excellently played!—is a

loud-mouthed, caddish wise-cracker and not a vaguely merry gentleman; Jessica is the unprincipled little minx that Shakespeare intended and not a sentimental Rebecca out of "Ivanhoe." The Prince of Aragon is amusingly characterized, and even such a very minor personage as the Clerk of the Court read Bellario's letter with all the superciliousness of an old hand looking down his nose at a novice.

The young actors carried out Mr. Payne's ideas very creditably. The Shylock—or rather the Shylocks, for every part was double- or triple-cast—were both excellent; tragic and moving

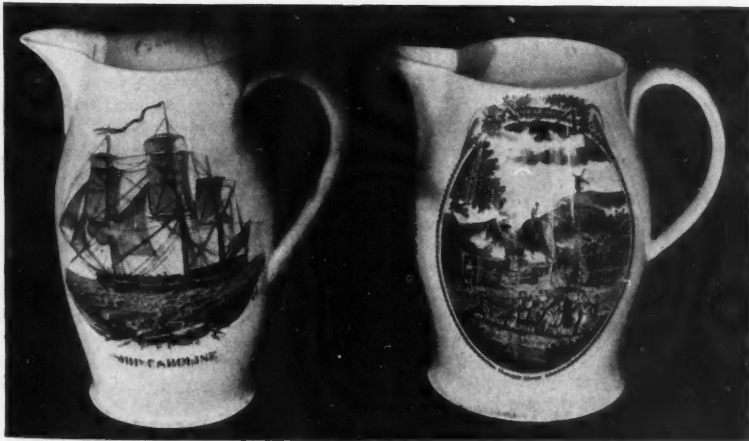
at times, but with more than a touch of the grotesque and the comic. The my-daughter-and-my-ducats scene was played for all it was worth. Shylock was not the noble Jew that some actors attempt to make him. The Portia—I saw only one—was not so successful. Although she had a beautiful voice and clear diction and a remarkable amount of technical skill for a student, she lacked gayety—and if Portia is not gay, who is? There was a tendency to make the part too emotional as well. Antonio was acted with a quiet dignity and the two Lancelots did what they could with the meager material at their disposal.

THE O. J. BIERLY LIVERPOOL PITCHERS

To attach any political significance to a harmless Liverpool pitcher seems a statement for challenge. Yet these plump pitchers might tell many a rousing story of Revolutionary days and their contribution to the flame-fanning of the Colonists' hatred of interference from the mother country.

About 1752 one John Sadler, an English engraver in the vicinity of Liverpool, very much by chance struck upon the process of transfer printing on

pottery and porcelain. He observed some children playing doll house one day, an incident of which was the pasting of pictures cut from waste-paper prints on broken crockery. Sadler immediately set himself to perfecting a process, and by means of copper- and steelplate printing on paper which was laid wet on the pottery surface and pressed, later to be burnt in, he achieved exactly the results he was seeking. By keeping the invention





secret, he succeeded in maintaining a corner on the thriving trade for years, printing for other works besides those in Liverpool. Even Wedgwood is known to have sent his goods to the Sadler works, despite the precarious journey.

The process mastered, the form of decoration had to be determined. No stilted designs would do, but pictures of the most ornate and telling order—sentimental, emblematic, burlesque, patriotic—fancy had free rein. These portly pitchers with their snub noses provided an unbroken surface admirably suited to both the process and the subjects. The shape was standard—practically no variation from it was ever introduced—while the cream-colored body always characterizes a Liverpool pitcher, or, as it is as frequently called, jug. The prints were done only in black, and the occasional color which we may sometimes discover on one of them has been added later by hand, probably by another potter.

The earliest designs recognized the fraternal appeal by decorating pitchers with the arms and mottoes of the contemporary guilds, of which the Bierly Collection contains several quaint examples: The Hatters' Arms—"We Assist

Each Other in Time of Need," The Farmers' Arms—"God Speed the Plough." In line with these were a great variety of Masonic devices, maritime scenes, and Scriptural subjects. But the most amusing designs are those which had the sentimental purchaser in mind—dripping with touching moments, titled, and explained by the most elegant doggerel. Take "The Sailor's Adieu" in the Bierly Collection, or another gem that pulls the heart strings, "Jemmy's Farewell."

Young Jemmy loved me well,
And sought me for his bride
But saving a Crown
He had naething beside
To make that Crown a Pund:
My Jemmy gade* to sea,
And the Crown and the Pund:
Were bath for me.

But the Liverpool jug did not reach the height of its popularity until it took on an export value, thanks to the Colonist trade during the American Revolutionary period. It was quite logical that the great port of Liverpool should be the seat of much seafaring trade, so the potters lost no time in cultivating this fertile market by producing pitchers with designs that took full advantage of the Anglo-

*Went—Dialect English.

American animosities and sympathies then rampant. Most in demand were those adorned with political caricatures and sentiments highly hostile to England, glorified Colonial heroes (John Adams, Hancock, Jefferson, Franklin, and Washington), contemporary historical scenes, and the names of the thirteen original States encircling some fire-brand emblem. Frequently the distant potter was a bit hazy about the exact number of originals there were, and more than once Pennsylvania was slighted by having its second "n" omitted. In fact the events of the Revolution inspired decorative subjects for twenty-five years after. The worship of Washington was immediately commercialized at his death by the appearance of many memorial pitchers. For sheer audacity of design, observe the choice Bierly jug which pictures our revered First President ascending into Heaven. The O. J. Bierly Collection is notably rich in Washington jugs, as might be expected in view of Mr. Bierly's enthusiasm for Washingtoniana. His private collection of Washington portraits and steel engravings numbers 256. The Liverpool pitcher craze survived as late as the War of 1812, when they bore the portraits of Bainbridge and Perry.

Although these old jugs have no charm of color or contour, and while we might admit that they are probably the least beautiful of any early English ware sold in the States, they have an intrinsic value as relics of history. No Colonial home was without its supply of these melon-shaped pitchers, most of which were gallon size and held anything from drinking water to cider and killdevil (rum).

The Bierly Collection is particularly representative of the variety of these jugs—first for English sale and later for American. There are fifty-two pitchers in all in several sizes and, through the kindness of their owner, they constitute a valuable loan collection in the Hall of Ceramics of the Carnegie Museum.

SURPLUS WEALTH

In making a will, money left to the Carnegie Institute should be covered by the following phrase:

I DO HEREBY GIVE AND BEQUEATH TO THE
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE IN THE CITY OF
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

..... DOLLARS

Bequests to the Carnegie Institute of Technology should be phrased as follows:

I DO HEREBY GIVE AND BEQUEATH TO THE
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
OF PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

..... DOLLARS

And bequests of books or money to the Carnegie Library should be phrased:

I DO HEREBY GIVE AND BEQUEATH TO THE
CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF PITTSBURGH

..... DOLLARS

The Carnegie Institute stands in immediate need of a further addition of \$3,000,000 to its endowment funds in order to preserve its present standards of public service and provide a reasonable extension of its work.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology stands equally in need of large additions to its endowment funds, and is slowly—but very steadily—building up the \$4,000,000 which it must raise in order to secure \$8,000,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

HONOR TO OUR FATHERS

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His great power at the beginning. . . . All these were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them that have left a name behind them that their praises might be reported. . . . Their bodies are buried in peace, but their names liveth forevermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.

—ECCLESIASTICUS XLIV



SILVER AND CREDIT

A FORTNIGHT ago Senator Hayden, of Arizona, introduced into the Senate a resolution providing that any foreign nations may pay their governmental debts to us in bar silver at the rate of one and one-half fine ounces for each dollar of gold obligations; and also that any such nations that shall restore their own silver coinage to a fineness equal to that prevailing in the United States shall be permitted to pay such debts in bar silver at the rate of one fine ounce of silver for each gold dollar owed to us. This means that while the market price of silver stands at its present rate of thirty cents an ounce, these debts can be paid in fine silver at the rate of forty-five cents on the dollar by nations whose silver coinage is now debased by alloy, or in fine silver at the rate of thirty cents on the gold dollar by nations which will adopt the United States measure of fineness. A similar resolution was introduced in the House at the same time.

The proposal is very novel and very interesting, and it may be the entering wedge into the rehabilitation of silver on an international scale. In the first place, it opens the way for a substantial scaling down of the war debts; and beyond that it is calculated to enlarge the use of silver throughout the world by abandoning the present practice of debasement. For example, the silver coinage of the United States is preserved at 900 parts of pure silver to 100 parts

of copper alloy; but since the World War British coins have dropped from 900 fine to 500 fine; Dutch coins from 900 fine to 700 fine; and German coins from 900 fine to 50 fine. Senator Hayden's resolution furnishes a motive for the correction of this neglect of silver, and his plan is worthy of very careful and favorable study.

CHOOSING OUR JUDGES

THE election of judges of the courts by vote of the people is theoretically consistent with the ideals of democracy. But our system of government is not a democracy; it is, on the contrary, a republican, or representative, form of government. When men make themselves candidates for judges by election, they must, in the first place, as an essential to victory at the polls, put themselves in accord with the political organizations, corrupt and shameless in some of our cities, which really control the situation in spite of the civic pride and high purpose of the people at large. Then, when their names are posted as candidates in all public places, they are sometimes tempted to make declarations which are bound to be destructive of the judicial dignity and character. Again, when they have won the coveted seats, they are naturally under obligations to those who aim to be their political masters and to make them the slaves of the ring.

Where is the remedy? Does it not lie

in the bar association? We would place the nomination of all judges in the hands of the bar associations of each community, the appointments to be made by the governor from lists chosen by the bar, and not otherwise, but making the list large enough to give the governor some leeway. Under this plan political gratitude and obligation would disappear from the judicial mind, and the ermine robe of justice would be forever an unsullied garment.

CONDITIONAL GIFTS

WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN, the new president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in a recent address criticized the tendency of benevolent friends to give rich gifts to public institutions with restrictive conditions which impair their value and usefulness in the general scheme. The restraints of these conditions are felt wherever such objects are bestowed. The most notable case of the kind is probably the bequest made by Senator Clark to the Metropolitan Museum with the condition that the entire collection should be shown perpetually as an indivisible group. This would have made it obligatory on the trustees to create what in effect would have constituted a wholly new institution, with paintings, engravings, miniatures, laces, and objects of art held together as a memorial to Senator Clark, without regard to their relationship to similar pieces already installed in appropriate departments, and the trustees wisely although reluctantly rejected the gift.

Other givers have stipulated that their collections must be kept in rooms set apart for them, thus making it impossible to fuse them with similar objects from other sources, and breaking the continuity of the whole exhibition.

There is only one wise way to make a gift to a public institution, and that is to make the gift free from any conditions of any kind, leaving the disposition of the objects to the wisdom

and honor of the trustees. Any other practice would result in vexatious confusion and would defeat the purpose of the administration to make an intelligent showing of things which are kindred to each other in type, period, or style, and which ought logically to be grouped together.

CHOOSING OUR SENATORS

THE Seventeenth Amendment, which relates to the election of United States Senators, stands as an even more direct menace to the stability of our Government than the Eighteenth Amendment. Our fathers, in writing the original Constitution, devised a system of selection of men for an upper house which would be ever responsive to the needs of the people, but never so weak that it would be swept from its ground by any outcry from the ignorant, the bigoted, or the incompetent. It was conceded at the start that all the people shall participate in the political affairs of the nation, but it was foreseen that we would walk into serious confusion unless we should choose and follow the leadership that exists in those who are fitted by character and preparation for high responsibility.

This theory was carefully developed in the construction of the two bodies of Congress—the House being chosen by universal suffrage, while the Senate was elected through the choice of the legislatures of the various States. In that way the Senate was to be constituted of exceptional men, serving their States at the seat of Federal Government, as Senator Root once remarked, somewhat in the nature of ambassadors, and representing the power and dignity of a high office so occupied. That arrangement gave us in the Senate a check and balance against emotionalism in the House, and protection from the unthinking exactions of a populace who might be momentarily agitated. But in time this wise provision for a deliberative body that was unafraid of a sudden end to the service of its members

was changed, and the Seventeenth Amendment was adopted, whereby the election of United States Senators was taken away from the legislatures and given over to the people at large, with a distinct loss to the nation, both as to responsibility and the weight of character. Democracy, if it would live, can do so only by making choice of the able and competent among its members, selecting its best for direction and policy, as is done in the private organizations of commerce and industry. And when sanity returns to those who act for the nation, this Seventeenth Amendment should be repealed and the original method restored. Our people can never feel secure against dangerous legislation until that is done.

NEW RADIO SERIES

FOR the past two years and a half the Educational Department of the Carnegie Institute has sponsored and directed each Monday evening a radio program of fifteen minutes over WCAE, station of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph. Primarily prepared for juvenile audiences, these programs presenting nature study and science in popular form have been found to appeal to listeners of all ages. Each program, while complete in itself, is a chapter in a series. The most recent series, "We Learn to Live," given by members of the City Board of Health, the Zoology Department of the University of Pittsburgh, and the Museum staff has just been concluded. A new series entitled "Nature at her Best—Summer" begins on June 6. The time has been changed from 7:15 to 6:45. The subjects for June follow:

JUNE

- 6—"The Carnegie Museum—Our Position and Aims in the Study of Natural History," by Andrey Avinoff, director of the Museum.
- 13—"Our Summer Wild Flowers," by O. E. Jennings, curator of Botany.
- 20—"How Plants Travel," by Dr. Jennings.
- 27—"Camping in Pennsylvania Woods," by Jane A. White, assistant curator of Education.

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